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VOLUME LXXX, NO. 13 JUNE 19, 1964 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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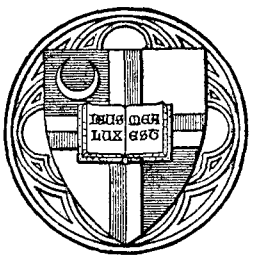

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THE COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

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Second-class postage paid in Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Two Africas

LIKE A CERTAIN Roman province, Africa itself can be divided into three parts. The most stable, generally speaking, is the Arab Africa of the North. Components such as Tunisia and Ethiopia tend to be sympathetic toward the free world. Most, however, follow Algeria and Egypt in their Soviet and Titoist sympathies if also remaining quite open to aid from the West. Certain of these lands now face minor political difficulties. Virtually all stand in need of massive technical and economic aid like other nations in the underdeveloped world—few more than war-devastated Algeria.

The second band of countries, nearly all of them newly-independent, lie in sub-Saharan, or Equatorial, Africa. This includes such trouble spots as the former Belgian Congo and Tanganyika-Zanzibar. The departure of the last two thousand U.N. troops from the Congo, June 30, falls at an hour of national weakness with out-of-hand uprisings in three border provinces. Many in the inadequately trained Congolese Army are either dropping their weapons and taking flight, or deserting to the provincial rebels outright.

Most observers considered it a victory for the free world when the fractious island of Zanzibar, during the absence of one of its Communist leaders, agreed to merge with much larger Tanganyika. But the island is acting quite independently of its new partner, engaging the Soviet Union to train and equip its armed forces and East Germans to build up its economy, and allowing Chinese agents to guide its policies toward others. The Tanganyikan leader and outstanding African nationalist, Julius K. Nyerere, has been unable to keep the island from building up as a Communist base.

In contrast to these two countries, whose difficulties are symptomatic of many lesser Central African instabilities, are the lands of the third major division, southern Africa, which remains under European colonial tutelage, British, Portuguese and Dutch-Afrikaans. Here the great struggle is for political freedom for the native majority. For months a violent but little-reported struggle for independence has been going on in Portuguese Angola with many casualties. When white leaders in Southern Rhodesia seek independence from Britain in order to perpetuate their rule, it heaps fuel on native resentments in the area.

The Republic of South Africa, with its notorious policy of *apartheid*, heads up the opposition to native aspirations. Because of an embargo on arms from abroad, inspired by the United Nations, it is now building up its own munitions plants, establishing strategically located supply depots and airfields and training young students in hand-to-hand combat and pistol shooting. Half of South Africa's three million whites possess their own firearms.

INTERACTION between Equatorial Africa and the colonies in South Africa is considerable. To the struggling, newly independent lands confronted by political inexperience, bitter tribal divisions, depleted soils and other weaknesses for which former colonial overlords are primarily responsible, the South serves as a spur to extreme and agitated nationalism if not amenability to Communist agitation and antipathy toward the Western world. To the peoples desperately seeking political emancipation, the new nations show the way to rebellion and provide havens for refugee native leaders. Equatorial Africa helps keep alive the hopes of the oppressed native majorities to the South.

The great needs of the new nations of Africa are economic viability and political stability. It is therefore of paramount importance to keep them out of the cold war despite the most determined Chinese (and Russian) provocations. American policy should keep the prime objective of strengthening each nation in view. And when it proves impossible to get further U.N. military assistance for the Congo

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through Secretary Thant or the Security Council, neighboring nations can be encouraged to supply similar security forces. In the development of Africa it would seem that Britain, West Germany, Belgium and France, who are helping to build up various native armed forces, should give greater thought to development aid. Finally, economic and political federation can in time do much to remedy certain weaknesses that arise from the proliferation of small new States.

The whites of southern Africa are doomed to lose their hegemony. This will come about either as a result of a holocaust of terrifying proportions or through voluntary relinquishment. Persuasiveness can be developed for the latter if Equatorial Africa, with the help of primarily disinterested U.N. and other outside aid, succeeds in demonstrating the ability to sustain going economies, political stability and civic order.

Summer and Civil Rights

THANKS in large part to Senator Dirksen, passage of the civil rights bill now seems assured. Despite the Senator's threat to attach as many as forty amendments, only a few of them have been pressed; none substantially alters the bill and liberals who only a few weeks ago were deploring Dirksen as an obstructionist, now admit he has made passage of the bill possible, improbably enough, while clarifying and even strengthening it.

At this point the only complaint that can be filed is that the amount of time and energy expended on the bill make it unlikely that additional necessary legislation will be passed in the foreseeable future. The bill was an adequate first step when first framed, but the civil rights revolution has not been waiting on the U.S. Senate. The victory here for the anti-civil rights forces is that the provisions of the current bill have been successfully depicted as so major that little sentiment can be found for keeping federal law abreast of the racial revolution, even if it means another filibuster next summer.

In fact the so-called white backlash, which Governor Wallace has been busy exploiting, is growing in and around the major cities. Even more ominous are the fears that violence will dominate the expected racial incidents this summer. The New York *Times* claims that anti-white gangs in Harlem have expanded since a riot last April 17 when police moved against 75 Negro children who wrecked a fruit stand. In separate incidents recently, two white professors were attacked and robbed by Negro youths near Harlem. Both attacks were regarded as racially motivated. Trouble between Negroes and Hasidic Jews in Brooklyn has resulted in vigilante patrols by Jews to keep the streets safe. Tensions in Harlem are increased by New York Police plans to flood Harlem with a great show of police strength. A police raid at one Harlem home turned up 12,000 rounds of ammunition, supposedly for use in a legitimate rifle club. Yet Negro author Louis E. Lomax wrote last month that it has been "common knowledge" among Negro reporters and social critics that Negro masses in New York, Chicago and other major cities have been arming themselves. *U. S. News & World Report* quotes a New York official as saying more Americans may be killed in Harlem this summer than in South Vietnam.

Already some of the most prestigious civil rights leaders have uttered uneasy statements about the prospects for widespread violence once school is out and summer's heat adds to the frustration in the ghettos. Yet, although tensions are rising, no civil rights leader wants to be jockeyed into a moderate stance that appears to be merely placation of white sentiments. Prospects are that they will have their hands full directing energies into campaigns for specific goals.

Hopefully, the civil rights law will provide a framework for these campaigns. The challenges that will be required under the new law can help channel the energy of the movement. And the white response will help determine whether we can avoid violence during the predicted "long, hot summer."

Varieties of Disaster

POLITICS is usually thought of as the art of the possible. In the case of Senator Barry Goldwater, however, it seems closer to being the art of the impossible. The public opinion polls show that he is by no means popular among rank-and-file Republicans. With the exception of California, he made a poor showing in the Republican primaries. In addition, it is generally known that moderate Republicans would prefer to see almost anyone but Goldwater nominated. Politically speaking, then, he has practically nothing in his favor (excepting of course a small, die-hard band of supporters). But what he does have at this date are convention delegates, and almost enough, it now seems, to make his nomination virtually inevitable.

Yet even the impossible has an explanation. No doubt he appeals to many Republican politicians as a living instance of old-time, uncontaminated Republican principle—not the new-fangled liberal brand. Then, too, he has an appealing personality, one which makes it easy to imagine the emergence of a massive following should he be given enough pub-

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lic exposure. These points explain much of the enthusiasm for Goldwater among those who will be delegates at the Republican convention beginning July 13. But the real explanation lies in the failure of moderate Republicans to create a viable alternative. The key word here is "create." In the natural order of things, not one of the potential nominees—Rockefeller, Lodge, Romney, Scranton or Nixon—could be called promising. Each has some important liabilities. Nonetheless, political parties have won elections with less imposing material. All that is required is solid party unity, a favorable set of circumstances and some simply understood theme or other which can be used as a rallying cry. All of these things can be managed, given a sufficient will to do so.

What is incredible in the present situation is that moderate Republicans have let the matter go the way of careless default. Whoever may have expected that General Eisenhower would intervene decisively should have known better. Whatever other virtues he possesses, brilliant political maneuvering cannot be included among them. Nor could it reasonably be expected that an appealing candidate would emerge from a batch of aspirants, not one of whom generated even a nominal Republican enthusiasm. The only thing that would work in such a situation is a coalition united around one man. Such a coalition has yet to be formed; and even if it is, the game may be over anyway.

Barring some unexpected turn in Democrat fortunes, it is difficult to see how Senator Goldwater's nomination can be anything but a disaster for the G.O.P. That he cannot win the Presidential election seems a solidly safe judgment. But that is not the real question. Can he be expected to make at least a good enough showing to keep the Party a viable one in American politics? This is doubtful, especially since President Johnson is likely to make heavy inroads into areas traditionally Republican. No party can afford to lose in areas which comprise the normal, fixed base of support, especially when the party already respresents a minority force. But the most disastrous impact of Senator Goldwater's nomination is likely to be felt by those liberal and moderate Republicans who depend upon a modern image of their party. The name "Goldwater" at the top of the Republican ticket will make such an image wholly implausible.

Of course, it is just possible that Senator Goldwater could win. It would be a miracle if he did so, but stranger things have happened. In that case, we fear, it would be the nation which would suffer the disaster. The only hopeful thing in the present Republican muddle is that the disaster area is limited.

A Thwarted Landing

EVER SINCE the Bay of Pigs debacle, many have awaited, with a mixture of hope and foreboding, another attempt by Cubans to overthrow the Castro regime. The idea of either an internal uprising or a successful invasion by Cuban exiles is one to capture the imagination. Such a turn of events would, after all, be a solution of the Cuban problem, and one which might be the least dangerous for the United States.

So it was that the announcement a few weeks ago that Manuel Ray, one of Castro's early supporters and an official in the 1959 Castro government, planned to be ashore in Cuba by May 20 brought a renewed flurry of hope. Among all the aspirant Cuban revolutionaries, Mr. Ray is in many ways one of the most attractive. As a genuine liberal and social reformer, he would carry on the original purposes of the Cuban revolution, only without the alignment with Communism which has spoiled the work of Fidel Castro.

Unfortunately, Mr. Ray's intentions exceeded his abilities. His capture, not by the Cubans but by the British, brought his grand plan to an ignominious end. Not only was this in itself embarrassing but the confiscation of his weapons and equipment was a practical setback for any renewed attempt in the immediate future. In actuality, however, Mr. Ray may have been lucky. There are, at present, few if any signs that the Cuban people are prepared to rise to the aid of the exiles. The likelihood of establishing a secure beachhead or even a hidden base of operations appears dim. There is, in short, little reason to expect that a rebel operation could succeed. More and more it becomes clear that if the Castro regime is to come to an end, it will have to fall by its own weight.

Trade with Rumania

THE MOST impressive aspect of the Rumanian-American trading agreement is the quietness with which the American public accepted it. The note of strident outrage was missing. The fervor that once went into hunting out Polish hams in U.S. supermarkets has been diverted elsewhere. There are differences about what we should trade, and under what conditions, but the simple fact is that trading with Communist countries is no longer regarded as immoral. What was outlawed in the categories of the early fifties as treason or indifference has become commonplace government policy.

The readiness with which the Rumanian agreement was entered into and accepted seems to belie

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George Kennan's thesis that the prevailing temper of U.S. opinion favors a simple policy of unrestrained hostility toward Russia and the Communist world. In his brief new book, *On Dealing with the Communist World,* Mr. Kennan writes from the belief that there are powerful forces in the United States which are committed to the theory that the cold war can end only in the destruction of either America or world Communism. He seems to underrate the advances of the past few years, particularly the educational efforts of the Kennedy administration. Hans Morgenthau has suggested that Mr. Kennan's frustrations as ambassador to Yugoslavia have led him to argue against the slogans of the Dulles era as if they were realities of today. The myth that coexistence is nothing more than a Communist trick is still cherished in many quarters, but it is not now one that inhibits foreign policy initiatives.

FROM BRITAIN

Closing the Door

MANY intelligent English Catholics believe themselves to be in a very odd situation. On the one hand, they are greatly excited and consoled by the general willingness of bishops and theologians, and the Holy See itself, to examine all issues, from the forms of the liturgy to the new problems in the field of sexual morals that have arisen with the discovery of "the pill," that are not dogmatically closed. The Johannine and post-Johannine eras in the history of the Church strike them as vindicating attitudes that were formerly suspect and legitimizing new expressions of Catholic truth that were only yesterday found offensive to pious ears. On the other hand, official pronouncements of the bishops of England and Wales do not seem to reflect this new mood. One has the impression that new attitudes and formulations sanctioned by the Council are accepted with loyalty but without enthusiasm.

This comes out most clearly if one examines the various pastoral letters on the impending changes in the liturgy. For the most part they lack the notes of welcome, joy that at last these changes have come, satisfaction with the immense opportunity the changes offer. Instead, they seem to envisage a great mass of conservative parishioners liable to be thrown into hysterics at the thought of prayers and readings in their own language; and they seem designed to assure such persons that the changes won't amount to very much but must in any case be endured. Again, there have been a great many statements to the effect that the Council will not change the fundamentals of the Faith, without there being any accompanying discussion of the distinction between what is fundamental and what not. This seems to miss the point that much of what is taken to be most characteristic of Catholicism as a concrete community and cultus belongs to what is not fundamental; and it is precisely in these fields—in the conduct of public worship, in relations with other Christians, in the study and devotional use of the Bible—that the most "shocking" changes are likely to come.

Our bishops are greatly respected and loved; but many Catholics, and by no means only those who are sophisticated and belong to avant-garde circles, are coming to feel that the Church authorities have little confidence in the athletic character of the religion of their flocks. If our leaders lack confidence in the faithful, the faithful may come to feel undervalued, not trusted, not consulted, subject to an arbitrary rule; and the consequences of such feelings will be irritation and indifference, a lack of confidence in the leaders of the Church as men, whatever may continue to be the respect extended to their office.

This is more than a matter of the *tone* of ecclesiastical pronouncements. The tone is linked with policies of a very distinctive character. Two examples may be given.

It is well known that the Constitution on the Liturgy gave very wide powers to bishops and bishops' conferences, while maintaining for the Holy See a reasonable and desirable measure of general oversight. The principle of subsidiary function, so much commended in the social and political sphere, seemed at last to be taken seriously in the sphere of ecclesiastical organization. Then came the cold douche of the *motu proprio* of last January 25. It seemed in the matter of the powers of bishops to differ very markedly from the Constitution,

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if not actually to contradict it. It is true that a more favorable gloss has been put upon the *motu proprio* since, partly, no doubt, as a result of the widespread feeling of disappointment that was everywhere expressed.

In any case, many hierarchies have used the powers they believe themselves to have been endowed with by the Constitution and have pushed ahead with reforms, especially the use of the vernacular. But the English bishops have gone out of their way to announce that no changes will be made which have not previously been ratified by the Holy See; and, while denying that they have any intention to criticize the actions of bishops elsewhere, have made a special point of their loyalty to Rome.

The writer in *Herder Correspondence* (May, 1964) who discusses the situation created by the *motu proprio,* relying in part upon the analysis given in the Swiss Jesuit periodical *Orientierung,* suggests that we are here confronted with "a definite tendency and endeavor [by some members of the Curia] to restrict the rights conceded by the Council to bishops." It seems clear that the French bishops, for example, who cannot reasonably be accused of insubordination to the proper claims of Rome, took the view that the Constitution must be held to govern the interpretation of the *motu proprio,* and not vice-versa, and that (to quote *Orientierung*) "it is difficult to suppose that scarcely two months after his solemn confirmation of it 'together with the Fathers,' the Pope knowingly and willingly intended to reverse an explicit decision of the Council, arrived at practically unanimously after detailed discussion both in the relevant Commission and in the General Congregation, and that without express reference to the divergence and without giving any reason at all for it." It is plain, at any rate, that good men can differ over all this; and that if the English bishops chose a different solution to the problem from that favored by the French and many others this is because temperamentally they are as a body always inclined to extremely cautious policies.

The other example I have in mind is the statement on birth control made by Archbishop Heenan in the name of the English and Welsh hierarchy and published in the press on May 8. For some time now the secular and Catholic press has reported the discussion by Catholic doctors and theologians in Europe and the United States of the morality of various types of contraception, especially "the pill." There has been much discussion in the Catholic press, especially the *Catholic Herald* and the *Tablet,* of the lawfulness or otherwise of the use of "the pill" in certain situations. It became known that Roman theologians were by no means unanimous on the issue. Finally, an article by Archbishop Roberts, S.J., appeared in a semi-private news letter, *Search,* and was publicized in the *Sunday Times.* Archbishop Roberts argued that if the arguments against contraception in all circumstances were examined they fell far short of being demonstrative; if, then, the general prohibition was to be maintained, the only defensible ground was the Church's teaching authority in matters of morals (which he did not challenge). But was this teaching so clear and so inflexible as was sometimes supposed? Couldn't we imagine that in a rapidly changing world enduring an explosion of population the Church's teaching would, through the usual casuistical techniques, be given a new interpretation, as had happened with the medieval teaching on usury?

Many have disliked this extremely free and widely ranging debate; but very few thought there would or could be any attempt to bring it to an end, for the simple reason that the matter was due to come before the Council and it was known that there was no unanimity on the matter among Catholic theologians. However, the English bishops have spoken; and it will be a test of the confidence of the clergy and laity in their judgment to observe what follows.

The statement is extremely intransigent on the issue of contraception but hesitant on the other issues of morality that are to come before the Council, those of peace and war. On *these* issues the statement is as follows: "The hierarchy prefers to await decisions of the Council rather than make pronouncements on those moral problems affecting the universal Church and, indeed, the whole world." Not so on contraception, including "the pill." They attempt to enlist the Dutch bishops on their side and quote from their statement; but do *not* quote the decisive sentence: "Questions concerning marriage problems now confronting the Church cannot be decided by the bishops of one country."

The day after the statement had appeared in the newspapers, readers of the *Guardian* found on its front page an interview with Father Bernard Häring, a Council expert working on the very schema, "The Church in the Modern World," in which the issues of birth control will be discussed. Father Häring is very favorably inclined to the use of "the pill" in certain circumstances; thinks the view of the English hierarchy is simply out of date; and is quoted as saying that the British bishops "have erred" in their statement.

[The office of the English hierarchy subsequently denied that Father Häring used the word "erred." The *Guardian* then checked its tape recording of the interview and announced that the words actually used were "lawed out," meaning, in context, that Father Häring had simply said the English hierarchy had "outlawed" *arbitrary* use of the pill.—*Ed.*]

The whole situation is messy, undignified and far more calculated to trouble the simple faithful than any amount of English in the Liturgy. It seems inconceivable that the debate should not go on in England, that the whole question should be treated as a closed one in advance of the discussion at the Council. It was certainly the intention of the bishops' statement

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to bring the debate to an end. If this happens, much will seethe below the surface and many will want to know why the British are to be denied a freedom enjoyed in other countries. If it doesn't happen, the moral authority of the bishops will certainly be damaged. It will be hard to rebuild confidence that has been lost, but the very magnitude of the task may serve as a stimulus.

J. M. CAMERON

HERE AND THERE

Understanding the Conservatives

Rome

I HAVE BEEN trying to understand the conservative party in the Church, which for a person like me is not easy. So much conservative activity and influence since the Vatican Council got under way has seemed to be negative, nugatory, and defensive that the cause may not have been seen at its best. The persons representing it have been popularly associated with high-handed methods, self-defeating suppressions, and the firmly closed mind—and not without reason. Its spokesmen are not always the most attractive people in the world and there is frequently a mustiness clinging to their oratory, a reliance on infantile sarcasm and ridicule in their private conversation (and letters-to-the-editor) which seem to be part-and-parcel of their message.

Still, it is not fair to the conservative cause to identify it with the frailties and pecularities of its representatives. I would not want the progressive cause judged that way. The progressives are not all charming by any means and bear their full share of eccentricity and unreasonableness. Pope John XXIII, the hero of the progressives, was an utterly amiable, attractive person. The progressive cause enjoys an advantage in having such a man to symbolize it. That does not mean however that everyone who walks under Pope John's banner shares his human qualities. These same qualities can often be found more readily in certain churchmen who will privately admit to a belief that John's regime was just short of a disaster for the Church and that it will take years and years to undo the mischief he innocently set afoot.

So, in attempting to understand the conservative case, I tried to eliminate the personal and to concentrate on the competing visions of the Church's role in the world which separates conservative and progressive churchmen at the Second Vatican Council.

Rome is a good place to make such an attempt. For Rome is a monument to the conservative image of the Church and indeed *Romanità* is an essential element of it. What strikes many non-Romans as anachronistic, formalistic, overly juridical, and feudalistic still seems widely acceptable here. At least in ecclesiastical circles. The reason, I believe, is that Catholicism is thought of in Rome not only as a religion but as a civilization, an integrated culture.

The conservative churchmen of Rome have had very little experience, by and large, with cultural or religious pluralism and tend to think of the "others" as a totally different breed of man, living in societies shaped by theological heresies, relativistic ethics, and philosophic anarchy. The Catholic faith under such conditions may survive and even flourish, they are finally convinced, but it lacks the cultural framework and expression necessary to maintain the loyalty of its people. And all that is found, at least vestigially, at its best in Rome. For them, consequently, *aggiornamento* represents a kind of compromise with the post-Christian, non-Roman world. Every concession to modernity represents a defeat, for modernity incarnates the triumph of heresy and rebellion.

In a word, the spirit of the Counter-Reformation still haunts the conservative churchmen of Rome and their "Romanized" followers in other lands. They appear to be eternally wedded to Counter-Reformation apologetics, polity, and even piety—and that makes all the difference between them and their progressive brethren.

TO BREAK this general idea down to particulars, let us examine a few manifestations of it. Take the relationship between clergy and laity. In the United States and other countries like it, priests and people are fairly easygoing together. Here, with notable exceptions, there is a wall between them. Priests do not visit parishioners in their home. They are rarely seen on the streets after dark. They wear the cassock or religious habit at all times. They are forbidden to attend places of amusement. They appear to live in an enclosed clerical society and in public seem ill at ease and unsure of themselves. They go their way, eyes cast down, and the people go theirs and they meet only in church. Members of the hierarchy are even more withdrawn. They are power-figures, to be sure, treated with exaggerated deference, but there is a feudal remoteness about them that seems to cut them off from modern life, even the life of modern Rome.

At a time when the reform of the clergy was necessary, the emphasis on clerical discipline and priestly asceticism was eminently appropriate. But the rules governing the conduct of priests here now seem to be more a relic of the Counter-Reformation than a present necessity. Certainly it leads to an estrangement between priests and people that is quite different from

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what we are used to in the U.S. Similarly, at a time when episcopal authority was being vigorously denied there may have been good reason for bishops to emphasize this aspect of their prerogatives by surrounding themselves with monarchical symbols (coats-of-arms, the kissing of rings, the dwelling in "palaces," the courtly titles, etc.). But that time has passed. It is now a barrier to the apostolate rather than an aid, a fact the conservatives have not yet recognized, so enthralled are they by the needs of the past. (Even in democratic America, where the manners of the court are absurd, it is hard to get the hierarchy to see that point.)

The rigidity of the scholasticism the conservatives insist on is another case in point. It is as if for four hundred years or longer there have been no worthy developments in philosophy—or for that matter in theology, Scripture study, or apologetics. The idea strikes me as incredible on the face of it. But, still, it is firmly maintained and backed up by all the authority at the conservatives' command. If they were completely successful, Catholic thinkers would be even more cut off from the stream of modern thought than they are. Anyone who ventured to wander from the straight and narrow should be subject to the harassment of the Un-Roman Activities Committee. Why? Not necessarily because of outright heresy but because mavericks of this kind disturb the discipline and united front required of a Church under siege, the Church of the Counter-Reformation.

Popular piety provides another example. The conservatives have been famously unsympathetic to the liturgical movement. Instead, congregational participation in the Mass has been played down and individualistic, pietistic, and devotional exercises have been encouraged by them. This used to be a mystery to me. I could never quite figure out why the most famous conservative Ordinaries in the United States were so peevishly opposed to liturgical reform. It happens that I have lived in the dioceses of two such bishops. One held out to the bitter end and another still seems to be holding out. At the same time in both dioceses there are devotional exercises carried out publicly which reek of exaggerated individualism, are based on prayers of doubtful orthodoxy, and glorify inane religious sentiments. I could never understand why the liturgy was officially minimized in the very places where these devotions had such a hold. Now I think I know why.

Again, I believe it is the clinging spirit of the Counter-Reformation and its emphasis on the priesthood which is so dominant in the Church here in Rome. To the inveterate conservative, the liturgical movement has seemed to be "un-Roman" and hence suspect.

THERE are other examples one could cite: the legalistic cut-and-dried approach to so many problems—very Counter-Reformation, very Roman; the emphasis on the Church as a clerical establishment and de-emphasis on the Mystical Body/People of God aspect—necessary when the very idea of a special priesthood was being attacked and quite congenial to the perennial bureaucracy of the Vatican; the spirit of triumphalism, even when the victories were hollow and meaningless—necessary for the morale of the besieged troops; the exaggerated emphasis on centralism—necessary at a time when the Church was facing national schisms; the extreme fidelity to Latin—a sure sign of *Romanità* and of fealty to "Catholic civilization."

It now seems clear to me that the conservatives are truly dedicated to conserving something that is dear to them—and it is not the Church or Christianity but this thing called *Romanità*. Of course they believe that *Romanità* is intimately related to the needs of the Church and Christianity. It seems to me in fact that they are persuaded the two are inextricably linked. And the *Romanità* they are dedicated to has little to do with contemporary Rome, or even medieval Rome. Rather they have in mind the Rome of the Counter-Reformation—the Rome memorialized in the lovely baroque churches of the present-day city.

They are sure of a Church one, holy, catholic, apostolic, and Romanized. It has already stood the test of time, for the Counter-Reformation was a brilliant achievement. They are not so sure though of a Church one, holy, catholic, apostolic and *aggiornamentoed*. So every innovation and every restoration of pre-Reformation Catholicism has been resisted as threats to survival.

I remember how every attempt at *aggiornamento*—even discussion of it—brought on suspicion and attack from high places before the Council. If anyone but a Pope had used the word, it would have been outlawed from the proper Catholic vocabulary. Even before the Council, though, the need for change and adaptation seemed so obvious that I confess I simply could not understand the obstructionism of the mind now generally called conservative. I tended to attribute it to sheer reaction. Now however I am ready to admit that when one enters the Counter-Reformation universe and savors the strength of the *Romanità* idea and is attune to the subtleties of the "Catholic civilization" it celebrates, the conservative position makes more sense.

It is clear to many Catholics now, even highly placed Catholics here in Rome, that *Romanità* has had its day. The *civilisation mondiale* is here. And if the Church is to be regarded as more than a sect in the emerging world it has to come to terms with it, as the majority of the Council Fathers seem prepared to do. But *Romanità* was a powerful idea. It will die slowly and many good men will weep for it during the hours of its final agony. I will not be among them.

JOHN COGLEY

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The Ugly City

IN A RECENT SPEECH to the graduating class of the University of Michigan, President Johnson called for a "creative federalism" of local and national authorities to rebuild American cities, preserve the American countryside and develop an educational system that "grows in excellence as it grows in size." I hope other people find the idea as exciting as I do.

In an appeal directed primarily to young people, the President said that the "challenge of the next century" was to use American resources "to enrich and elevate our national life and to advance the quality of American civilization." "We must act to prevent an ugly America," Mr. Johnson said, countering the threats of polluted air, water and food, overcrowded recreational areas, disappearing fields and forests. In the classroom "we must give every child a place to sit and a teacher to learn from." "Poverty," Mr. Johnson declared, "must not be a bar to learning and learning must offer an escape from poverty." The educational system, he said, must "find new ways to stimulate the love of learning and the capacity for creation." And as for the cities, nowhere is the challenge more pressing than there, the President said. "In the next forty years," Mr. Johnson declared, "we must rebuild the entire urban United States."

In all of this I think President Johnson is completely correct—including the priority that he assigns to urban rebuilding. We *do* need to save our fields and streams, to fight pollution of air and river, to devote more of our gross national product to public purposes, to improve the quality of our education. But the toughest challenge of all and a symbol of the larger challenge posed by our industrial society is the condition of the city.

I travel a good bit, usually to give talks here or there. Every time I hit a new city, I try to explore it a little, to see the different sections, to get some flavor of life there. Most cities have some one thing or other that marks them off from other places; Chicago is clearly not New York, and Denver, Colorado, and Charlotte, North Carolina, are separated by more than thousands of miles. Nonetheless, American cities almost without exception have certain things in common. With only one or two exceptions, the most striking common characteristic is that they are decaying faster than they can be renewed.

In almost all American cities the neighborhoods on the way down are strikingly similar. These are the areas the sociology textbooks call neighborhoods in transition—a term that simply describes a drab and cheerless neighborhood where no one would live if he had any choice in the matter. In most Northern cities it means a neighborhood where Negroes can afford to live; it means a neighborhood where some of the buildings are already being torn down and where most of them look as if they ought to be.

Part of the problem is that people flee to the suburbs. Many of them don't do so from choice, however. Many, perhaps most of them, would actually prefer to stay in the city. To be near libraries, museums, the theater, one's work and one's friends—these things are worth a lot. But these days the city asks too great a price for them.

Cities are fast becoming places where only the rich and the poor will live. The rich will remain because they can pay fabulous prices for light and space and ordinary human decency. The poor will stay for one compelling reason—they can't afford to move. And every year thousands who fall into neither of these two categories will simply abandon the city.

This flight from the city by the middle-classes poses all kinds of problems. There is, for one thing, the fact that most of the city's leadership would normally be drawn from this group. Without it, the city is immeasurably poorer. For another thing, there is the simple fact that these people have removed themselves from the tax rolls. As our cities decay, the need for fire and police protection, for child welfare services, for jails and hospitals, grows even greater. Yet more and more of the people who would normally pay much of the bill for such services are fleeing to the suburbs, washing their hands of the city's problems.

In this situation, one must sympathize with the municipal authorities. Their burdens are undeniably heavy. At the same time city officials have to see the other side; they cannot expect people to bring their families back from the suburbs into neighborhoods that are semi-slums. The trend to the suburbs needs to be reversed, but this will never happen unless the American city once again becomes a decent place in which to live.

How can this be done? There is no easy answer, as we have already proved; we have been nibbling around the edges of the problem of the city for years, with only indifferent success. We know, on the one hand, that neighborhoods left to themselves decay and die; we know, on the other, that mammoth housing projects kill a neighborhood's spirit of community completely. Somewhere between the excesses of *laissez faire* and excessive bureaucracy, though, there has to be a solution, and I suspect that in President Johnson's "creative federalism" of local and national authorities we might find the beginning of an answer. If not, I don't know where we will.

JAMES O'GARA

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Sidney Lens

The Decline of Labor

Unions within unions are a sign of increasing frustration inside the ranks of labor

THE AFL-CIO convention in 1963 reported almost joyously that its ranks had been thinned by only 25,000 adherents in the previous year. Labor's plans for the future were embossed in the usual self-serving optimism which prays for miracles but is satisfied with stagnation. Critics who accepted unionism as a glowing principle but reminded the high and mighty of the AFL-CIO that economic unionism was becoming irrelevant were taken to task by intellectuals like Gus Tyler, assistant to President Dubinsky of the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. These were men of little faith, according to Tyler, mired in the clichés of the 1930's, from which Tyler, fortunately, had liberated himself.

The measure of labor's decline, however, need not be sought in statistics of membership, in the effete response of the unorganized to pleas for unionization, or to the stalled legislative objectives of the AFL-CIO. It is evidenced, subtly but poignantly, by the increasing trend of the staffs of large unions to organize unions of their own. In the past, dissent in the house of labor translated itself into a vibrant factionalism, with stridency of debate and bitterness of feeling, but withal, clarification of purpose and involvement of the membership. Today's frustration is translated into the formation of unions by secondary union officials against the primary ones. It is a subconscious exposition of the fact that under present circumstances there are no new fields to plow.

Last summer the international representatives working for Region 3 of the United Auto Workers—Indiana and Kentucky—signed application cards for a union of their own, and as symptom of their concern plunked down $25 each to finance their efforts. Like ordinary workers in the shop these representatives were expressing a fear for their personal security. Younger men were being recruited to the staff of the UAW and there was increasing anxiety that, as automation chipped away at UAW's membership, layoffs of staff might take place without regard to length of service. Except for one or two men the Region 3 representatives were unanimous. Soon their efforts were being emulated from coast to coast, and at Solidarity House in Detroit, the UAW's national headquarters, a near-100 percent was enrolled despite pleas by President Walter Reuther to a meeting of these men and women that they could resolve their problems by other methods. In New York and California the staff ranks were similarly solid. A majority of the 720 non-elected officials joined the ranks quickly and like their fellow-staffers in the AFL-CIO itself, the oil union, electrical union, chemical union, rubber workers, ladies' garment union, newspaper guild, teachers organization, papermakers, and airline pilots, they demanded recognition and collective bargaining rights.

REUTHER'S REACTION was calm and statesman-like. He sidetracked the effort by forming an elaborate Staff Council of International Representatives to handle grievances. In each regional office and each division of the UAW Grievance Representatives and Alternate Grievance Representatives were to be elected to handle complaints. The method enacted was eminently fair. First stage in the grievance machinery would be a discussion with the Regional Director or Department Head; second stage would involve a reduction of the problem to writing and the eliciting of a written reply; third stage would be a meeting between a Staff Appeal Panel and a committee of the International Union's executive board. If after all this there were still no resolution, an impartial outside umpire would hear the evidence and issue a final and binding decision.

The UAW leaned over backward to make the plan painless. Costs of the arbitration and costs of travel by staff appeal members and the 41-man committee that would meet with national leadership twice a year were to be borne by the International Union. To reassure the representatives that the program was meaningful Reuther promised he would recommend its incorporation into the UAW's constitution.

The issue of job security, however, was not and could not be resolved. Reuther correctly made it clear that the UAW could not guarantee seniority privileges to its staff because in doing so it would be depriving the rank and file of some of its rights. Unions, he pointed out, are "political." One faction can replace

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another in a convention election. It would be unfair to an incoming group to saddle it with the staff men who belonged to its rival. Everyone now working for UAW is a member of the "Reuther caucus" and pays $10 a month to finance its work. A rival caucus could hardly be expected to work through "Reuther-ites." Reuther promised that insofar as possible the regional leaders and department heads would consider length of service in making assignments and laying off reps, but it could not be bound by it.

The only basis in his plan for challenging a layoff is where there has been "personal discrimination." The Council of International Representatives can discuss wages, conditions, and other problems, but it cannot guarantee jobs based on seniority, nor can it, in an emergency, go out on strike. In essence, these limitations exist also in the other unions where a staff group has been granted collective bargaining rights.

Most of the labor leaders who have been confronted with this problem of staff organization have accepted it with grace. James B. Carey of the International Union of Electrical Workers (IUE) recognized the staff union without a second's hesitation. In a few instances, however, bitter feelings have been engendered. George Meany at first refused to deal with the Field Representatives' Federation formed shortly after the AFL and CIO merged. He gave in only when the National Labor Relations Board announced that organizers must be treated like other types of employees, subject to NLRB jurisdiction, and ordered an election. Since then he has worked with FRF in a fair and equitable manner.

The one labor leader who has balked is David Dubinsky, President of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union (ILGWU). When his 250 staff members established the Federation of Union Representatives (FOUR), he showered bombast on them, fired one or two and reassigned others to their disadvantage. He refused categorically to bargain. FOUR's members were for the most part young men who had been given training in the union's highly publicized training institute. They were idealistic and included many young socialists or ex-socialists. Dubinsky was fearful they might become another power center in his union, and because they were close to the rank and file might stir up factional strife in the future. He was willing to adjust wages—which in some cases were as low as $65 a week—and evolve a health and welfare program, but he would not tolerate a separate power entity in his organization. He fought FOUR vigorously, even after FOUR had won an election called by the NLRB. The issue is now in the courts.

TO THE PUBLIC, particularly the anti-labor segment, there is a wry, almost humorous touch to the unionizing of the unionizers. The labor brass, it feels, is getting a taste of its own medicine. "How do they like it when their own subordinates organize? They try to subvert unionism just as if they were industrial employers. Yet they insist on union shops for the general worker." Dubinsky's resistance, especially, became a *cause célèbre* for a while and was used as an argument by employers when they berated unionism. Reuther's Council is being called by some a "company union."

None of this, in my opinion, is justified. There is merit to Reuther's rationale that the relationship between an international rep and the parent union is not comparable to that between factory employer and employee. The rep is himself a union member, pledged to carry out the purposes of his organization. He cannot be permitted to go out on strike while the General Motors workers, for instance, are themselves on the picket line. Though he may have a divergence of interests with the policymakers in his union, he cannot have a divergence with the union itself. To allow him to strike would rob the union membership of part of its right to strike; to grant him full seniority rights would take away from the membership some of its prerogatives.

But while all this is true, the conflict between secondary and primary leadership in a dozen unions and in the AFL-CIO itself is an ominous sign. The staffs, like typical employees, are organizing *against* something and against someone. They must have good and sufficient cause to be doing it. It is not a prank or an effort at forming a professional society; it is a reflection of something that has gone wrong in the house of labor.

Thousands of secondary union leaders once—not too long ago—had a measure of power of their own. As shop committeemen or local union presidents they expressed their own judgments and fought for their own principles. Their support in the rank and file gave them a base of power with which they could pressure even the top leadership. But as members of the staff they have lost this role. They are today only slightly more independent than bank employees, simply a link in the chain of communications between fifteen or twenty national leaders and the rank and file for whom they formerly spoke. They are enmeshed in

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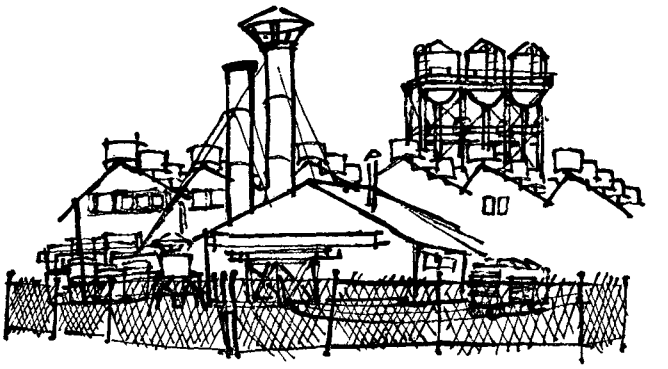
an institutional operation just as if they were junior executives of Bell Telephone.

I know at least fifty staff members of former CIO unions, by way of example, who are opposed to labor being aligned with the Democrats and who favor a labor party. Yet none of them can argue their position publicly, nor can they round up rank and file support for such views without being fired. Some are forced to work in Democratic Party campaigns even though they are at political loggerheads with the candidates for whom they are working. Many staff people disagree totally with the AFL-CIO position on the arms race, or with that of the UAW, which is milder. Not a few have deep misgivings about specific collective bargaining proposals (such as Reuther's profit-sharing plan), or with the degree of union militancy on unemployment or automation. But in dealings with the locals they service, they must be silent. They must act like good soldiers "carrying out policy."

Theoretically UAW staff members are part of the "Reuther caucus," but even here their wings are clipped. The area of decision has narrowed, with the decline of factionalism, with long-term contracts, and centralized national bargaining, to a dozen or so men at the top of the union pyramid. To quarrel with a decision of that pyramid is not quite so dangerous as to quarrel with a boss in a factory, but it is of the same genre. A regional director can show his displeasure at a recalcitrant by making tough assignments; a representative who likes to stay close to home may be assigned to an organizing drive 300 miles away; a representative who prefers arbitration work, which normally has a regular 9 to 5 schedule, may be assigned to organizing work, which calls for leafleting at 6 A.M. and making house calls to prospective unionists during the evening. The labor unions have become institutionalized, and though the higher officials may be called, as C. Wright Mills called them, the new men of power, the secondary leaders, who once possessed important prerogatives at the lower levels, now are politically disfranchised within their unions.

Theoretically a UAW rep can run for delegate to the UAW convention, but in practice he seldom does so. Theoretically he has the right to speak at the convention, but again he seldom does so. At the last convention he did not speak up even when his own wage conditions were being changed. Ordinarily he would have received a three percent raise in pay, but the leadership decreed the 1963 raise be turned over to a new pension fund. There were gripes in the corridors, but no formal opposition. A change was made in the severance pay plan which benefited some, hurt others. Again, the vocal international representatives who can speak long and loud on almost any subject, were strangely subdued. It would have been impolitic to do otherwise.



The UAW, let it be noted, is the best of the big unions. Its leaders are much more responsive to rank and file needs, much more concerned with democratic machinery than almost any union. In recent years they have established a public review board, so that ordinary members who disagree with discipline decisions can appeal to a body made up of prominent people outside the union's ranks. If the executive board should suspend a local union leader he can take his case to public review, and not too infrequently be sustained against Reuther and his associates. Nor are UAW leaders intolerant or venal when staffers disagree with them privately. The youngest international rep can tell Reuther he is wrong on some issue, major or minor, without fear of reprisal—as might take place in other organizations.

WHAT HAS happened, however, is that there has been a massive erosion of decision centers in the labor movement. Until the end of World War II and for a couple of years thereafter union contracts with management were for a single year. The leadership had to be on its toes constantly, and the rank and file was embroiled in issue-discussion almost continuously. Now the typical agreement is for three years, and sometimes five or six. Bargaining used to be based primarily at the single shop level. A local president therefore had some standing and power. Now power is concentrated more and more on a national level, with policy-making centralized in fewer and fewer hands.

Added to this is the circumstance that factionalism has all but come to an end in the larger unions. In part this is because of the disinterest of the rank and file, which increasingly looks on the union as an insurance policy. The average member no longer has a sense of desperation, as he had twenty or thirty years ago. He has achieved a modest level of wages, health and welfare programs, seniority rights, grievance machinery, insurance, supplemental unemployment pay and pensions. The union is becoming for him a peripheral concern. Anyway he cannot do much about its big problems, even if he so wanted, because basic decisions are made in national headquarters, a long way from the shop. In part the decline of factionalism is due to

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the unwillingness of labor's brass to adopt new roles or formulate insurgent programs. Symptomatic of this institutional mood has been the arms-length relationship of labor to the civil rights movement, the failure to generate mass action against joblessness, the closed mind on the peace issue. The new men of power enjoy businessmen's salaries, weighty expense accounts, and the pleasant periodic pilgrimages to the White House which ennoble their egos but douse their militancy.

At any rate factionalism is virtually passé in the house of labor. Unless there is a flare-up in the hierarchy itself—as happened among the packinghouse and the rubber workers a few years ago—internal division on issues is at a minimum and quickly healed even when it does erupt. A local union official who ran for president against David McDonald of the steel union was defeated, never again to rally a similar force.

The national leadership of each union is progressively divorced from rank-and-file pressure. And because of the centralized nature of its operation it has also been divorced from the pressure of the staff members who once molded rank-and-file reaction. The higher echelons could, if they wanted, take some steps to increase staff status. They could put assignments and lay-offs, for instance, to staff vote. They could arrange for staff members to be *elected* by the locals they service, subject to their recall. They could consult staff members more frequently on policy. They could—but they won't, because they are under no pressure by anyone to do so.

Frustrated by institutionalization, therefore, the union organizers strike out to defend their jobs. A CIO union leader of the 1930's cared little for personal security. He was building the beautiful tomorrow, and if somewhere along the road he was forced back into the shop it was a tragedy for his beliefs, not for his person. He too had little to defend. He was not assuaged by year-round union jobs, with $12,000 to $35,000 a year salaries and emoluments. Secondary leaders had an outlet for their sense of dedication in the many factional disputes that broke out.

Now, as the sense of dedication is eroded, the drive for personal security takes over. The ex-socialist and ex-Communist of twenty or thirty years ago is caught up in ambivalence. He would like to return to his dream of a beautiful tomorrow, would like to stir his union away from its institutional alliances with the establishment in Washington and elsewhere, but he sees no outlet for his talents. His decision-making role has been emasculated. He just "does his job." If there were a mood of idealism anywhere—either with the rank and file or with the top officialdom—he would identify with it quickly. But since he does not see it he begins to demand personal tribute. "Why should I be sent to Iowa, when so-and-so who has less service, stays at home?" "Why was a younger man put on the staff, while so-and-so has been laid off?"

It is these international representatives, caught in the institutional web, who indicate the true dimensions of unionism's decline. A friend of mine, whose prowess on the picket lines of the 1930's was notorious, recently was put up in a $20-a-day room at a New York hotel, to sit out the AFL-CIO convention. It disturbed him that there was a telephone even in the bathroom, and no one thought of putting someone else in with him, though there were twin beds. At the time he was trying—with little success—to raise funds for miners in Hazard, Kentucky, who have been without work for years and whose leaders are being tried on what unionists consider to be a trumped-up charge. The contrast between the luxury of the AFL-CIO convention and the tight-fistedness toward the Hazard miners stung my friend to the point of fury. But this is a contrast we learn to live with in the labor movement these days. Cause-consciousness is in low gear with most of the major leaders, and the secondary ones cannot generate it on their own. If they organize organizers' unions, then, it is because they have little else to be concerned about. It is a testament to their hopelessness as crusaders more than to anything else.

The sad fact is that labor today is involved in no great causes. Its power elite on the Executive Council of the AFL-CIO were unwilling, with a few exceptions, to even endorse the great civil rights demonstration of August 28th. They are not only cautious on the matter of disarmament, but the Meany faction at least is as rabid as the Pentagon for continuing the arms race. The few words that are spoken at each convention against unemployment are automatic salaams just for the record. There is no flare of militancy. Indeed a new school of apologists has arisen within labor circles and in the universities to explain this is the way things should be in a "mature" movement.

Perhaps. But these theorists might ponder why union officials insists on unionizing. At bottom this is not just a quest for personal security, but a groping for idealism, for causes, for a new insurgent impulse.

Old Song

The ear allows
a small deceit
when I can hear, far from the sea,
the sweep of surf
in sound of rake on leaves;
and thus arouse
a melody
laid fallow in the turf
of time's reprieves:
a bittersweet
deceit.

EVE ROUKE

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KATHARINE BYRNE

Marvin's Mother

What to do till the mortician comes

YOU MAY have seen that cartoon which shows an eager and anxious young woman talking to her husband. "Listen, Irving!" she reminds him, "I'm not just your wife and Marvin's mother. I'm me. I'm Marcia!" And perhaps you smiled tolerantly at Marcia's little identity crisis because you know better. She is Irving's wife and Marvin's mother. That's enough, and if it isn't, it ought to be.

At least that's what Marcia's always being told by women who get their own extracurricular satisfactions and those reassuring publishers' checks for saying so. That there is plenty of fulfillment near at hand and under foot is the word they pass along to any restless female who may be harboring unworthy, self-serving ambitions. My own favorite in this field has published a couple of books and a great many articles in the past few years telling the rest of us that the highest use of a given talent may be to offer it up unused.

Marcia-as-Marcia, the mother as a separate self, does not ring many responsive bells in our culture. Nor are all the salesmen for the feminine mystique on Madison Avenue. The French priest-psychiatrist, Father Ignace Lepp, is almost alone among present Catholic writers in speaking of the autonomy of the individual educated woman and the need for her to find something of interest and importance away from home. Others have told her to be good, sweet maid, and strive not to be clever. That she just might contrive to be both is seldom suggested.

Nor are most of our Marcias self-assertive. Either because of native deficiencies or superannuated custom, in most American women personal career ambition seems to burn with a very low flame. It is a sociologists' aphorism that we have jobs, not careers. For one reason or another our skills and talents are likely to be minor-league; supportive rather than competitive; extended and expanded versions of essentially homegrown, mothering virtues. Unskilled, we clean other people's houses; educated, we teach other people's children.

In most cases, for fulfillment or self-realization, or cleverness, you may read, more accurately, "a sense of usefulness." Since money is useful, the urge to get out of the house and do something is often born of the not unworthy desire to make a little. Home-bound careers or jobs: envelope-stuffing, selling magazines or storm-windows by telephone, making artificial flowers, or writing for the religious press are alternative, but not very profitable, possibilities. In other times, as her children grew in independence, a woman could card more wool, tread more grapes, or plow another field; today she must usually look beyond the spreading yews for something monetarily productive.

For the great and growing army of women who are divorced, walked-out-on, widowed, or married to husbands underemployed, unemployed or unemployable, there is not the luxury of choice in the matter of working for money. These are not the women one is talking about in discussions such as this one.

But what about women who do not need to work? Who would still eat regularly if they didn't. Sometimes, surely, their needs seem factitious, vain, even frivolous; their approach to life ungenerous. Especially does this seem true of some of the younger ones running down the corridors of schools and office buildings at ten-after-nine, late again, and breathless with the story about the nursery-school bus that broke down, or the child with the strep throat and the baby sitter who failed to show up. They are sad to see and sad to hear.

They do, however, have older sisters, women whose young are young no longer. That even the most fecund family ultimately gets its last child into school and away from home for eight hours a day, is a fact of life we don't often mention. In much of the church-related literature on family living, by some curious denial of biology, the last child never climbs off his mother's lap. Like figures on a Grecian urn, mothers young forever, poised in unchanging poses, minister to children who never grow up.

IN THE REAL world the home is not a perpetual nursery, children have differing needs at different times, and a family appropriately looks sideways, backwards, and beyond its last patio brick as well as forward to its children. People grow up, grow old, sicken, and die. Along the way a great many cherished services are also quite expensive. Nursing and teaching orders would, if they could, give away everything they have to offer. But the hospital and the school are brick and mortgage, equipment and payroll. Even the cool drink and the

KATHARINE BYRNE, mother of five and co-author with her husband of several pamphlets on the mental abilities of children, was formerly associated with the University of Chicago's Psychometric Laboratory.

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aspirin tablet must find their way into the IBM machinery and onto the patient's account.

Institutionally, Catholic universities have come a long way since Abelard. A recent article decries the niggardliness of "responsible parenthood" people, always talking about money. Kissing off lightly the matter of college tuition costs, the writer says, airily, "Let the high school graduate enroll at a nearby streetcar-college." Back in the days when our town had street cars we had low-tuition colleges also. But now, should the aging child hop a bus marked "Local Catholic College," the fare will be $1000, please, without books, laboratory fees, or a single inscribed sweatshirt. And it's going up next year.

It may be, then, not the worn-out wall-to-wall carpet of tired, repetitive allusion that sends the mother of older children off to classroom, switchboard, checkout-counter, cafeteria kitchen or laboratory, but the burgeoning needs of a wall-to-wall family. While I was groping for a biblical text in support of this point, my eye fell upon the next-best-thing, an advertisement in the local diocesan paper, directed to women "with college backgrounds" (a euphemism for you-don't-need-to-have-graduated?) who might like to teach in Catholic schools. The ad reminds the reader that "a teacher's salary would go a long way toward paying for a son's or daughter's college education." A similar publication in a neighboring state carries the news that part of the incentive pay for mothers teaching in local Catholic schools is tuition-free education for any and all of their elementary- and high-school-age children. Apparently, even among those who have railed systematically at working mothers, are some authorities now in the curious position of wishing that a few of the women who took the message seriously would pretend they never heard it. Mothers who used to be nurses receive urging letters from the Catholic hospitals where they received their training.

CARDINAL SUENENS calls his exciting book about women, *The Nun in the World,* but his early chapters make it clear that the revolution he is talking about involves all of us, including the mother no longer restricted to a world of *kirche, küche,* and *kinder*. The Cardinal points out that today a mother's greater educational and cultural opportunities and longer life expectancy "give her, once her children are grown up, an extra life, as it were." Longer life expectancy. An extra life, as it were. And what shall she do till the mortician comes? Is this just leftover time to kill? What shall she do with it? Polish the leaves of the split-philodendron, plump up the sofa pillows, take the middle-aged dog for another walk? Or get out and do something for someone, even herself.

In *The Hack,* Wilfrid Sheed presents a gallery of unattractive contemporary American types, among them two older women even moldier than the other characters. Bert Flax's female parent is All Mother and not very good at it, either. In her old age she has gone soft and silly, but then, as she thinks, "Isn't that what mothers are for?" Bert's mother-in-law is a waspish passer-out-of-pamphlets, taker-up-of-causes and joiner-of-movements who has High Hopes for Humanity, but just not much use for humans. One wonders about living out one's years of declivity as either a Mrs. Flax or a Mrs. Forsythe. What else is possible?

Cardinal Suenens speaks exhortingly of the contributions a woman can make to the Church and the world when her released-time comes. But what does the Old Girl discover when she digs into that basket of brains, skills and good will which are an American woman's secret dowry? If it's an educated mind she finds there, perhaps she's had it out for air, use, and refurbishment during the busy years since her marriage. And it's ready for work, for pleasure and profit to herself and to others.

Perhaps, on the other hand, she resolutely put all that behind her with the birth of her first baby, or even earlier, which is accepted and even recommended procedure in many quarters. Recently a beautiful young genius, age 19, I.Q. 180, visited our town and was interviewed, photographed and admired. She's the only girl in an astrophysics program, studying thermodynamics, analytic mechanics and vector analysis at a Western university. Asked whether she intends to pursue a space career, she replied in accents of pure Orthodoxy, "Oh, no. I just want to get married and raise a bunch of fat, intelligent kids." No mention of the possibility of even a part-time intercontinental commitment, or of getting back to the old computers when the children are grown.

In the course of a symposium on marriage, motherhood, and the college graduate, a number of women were asked to give a group of undergraduates their experienced opinions on this subject. One of the speakers, now the mother of several young children, had worked briefly as a chemist before her marriage. She expressed complete happiness in her present full-time occupation, with no reservations, backward looks, or wistful yearning for a return, now or ever, to the career she had left behind. The second told her listeners, apparently without shame, that even when her children were young she used to buy her way out of the duties of her state of life one day a week and go back to an old desk in a publisher's office. The third speaker had married late and never left her position as secretary to a bank president, except for brief time-outs for the birth of two children. The fourth had taught Latin and French seven children ago, and wondered vaguely whether she might go back to teaching sometime, when the children were older.

If there was any question in the minds of the young students as to which of these was the mother most

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admirable, it was laid to rest in the wrap-up of the proceedings by a marriage counsellor who reminded all present, as the smell of coffee and the clinking of cups signalled the end of the meeting, that the mother is the heart of the home, that women's careers denigrate the husband, and that the happiest women he knows are a bevy of shawled and babushka-ed immigrants who live in a project across from his office and sit in the warm sunshine outside their doors, talking to one another and breaking up fights among their children. If the young women who came to the meeting had any doubts about what they were doing in college anyway, these may have been compounded by this cheerful conclusion.

THERE ARE other voices. If you can't quite take the strident strains of Betty Friedan, there is Father Lepp who, in *The Psychology of Loving*, speaks out in favor of airing some of our cherished peripherals on marriage and family and redrawing the lines between essentials and transients. Women share many of the gifts and talents which men enjoy, and they have others peculiarly their own. To what good uses may these be put? How? When? To what avail?

Even the most conservative marriage experts mumble something about "when the children are older." Catch One here is that brains, too, run to fat-in-the-middle, to dilapidation with disuse. Serious careers are hard to pick up on the side or after hours. Even ex-teachers, -nurses, -social workers and -librarians find that twenty years is a long time. Techniques and antibiotics become obsolete; new and different waves of migrants hit the central city; knowledge- and population-explosions bring their own housing problems to libraries; what's this New Math they're talking about? And aural-oral learning.

Bright young women have been falling at a great rate, comfortable and half-educated, into what they believe will be domestic tranquillity. Paul Foley calls one of the side effects of this stampede "the marriage blackout," which he defines in a recent issue of *Atlantic Monthly* as a phenomenon in which the young woman's vision stops completely at the altar. Beyond that point she loses sight of herself as an individual human being. A movement to counter this tendency has been mothered by Felicia Schwartz, a Smith graduate who devised the "Catalyst Plan," a home-plus-work-or-study system to encourage purposeful use of the housewife's off-hours. "Catalyst" believes that intellectually gifted young mothers should not be content with those once-a-year, back-to-college Instant Culture and Exchange-of-Baby-Pictures sessions. They will be better mothers now and happier women later, the Catalyst Plan contends, if they keep a hand in something above and beyond the washing machine, the tossed salad, or the clay for the Cub Scouts' ash trays.

What may also be needed is something to build up the courage of the young and gifted, and keep them in school long enough to stake out a permanent claim in and commitment to a career worth hanging on to—even by one thread. Nervous females must somehow be assured that all the good men won't be gone if they wait, and that for every girl psychometrician, social anthropologist, or person-with-an-interest-in-Donne-and-the-Metaphysical-Poets there is likely to be a boy who won't hold it against her.

It would be nice if, for each woman who marries and has children, love, generosity and a free choice among alternatives could be combined in a highly personal mixture, and not according to formulary proscriptions categorically imposed either by the-way-it's-always-been or the latest issue of *McCall's*. The pious hope was recently expressed that the man who will be president (or was it pope?) fifty years from now is presently a member of a warm and loving family group, and that his mother has not been lured from the hearth with false notions about "piddling part-time fulfillment." I hope so, too. But fulfillment is a strange and slippery thing, and won't sit still for a final portrait. It comes in many guises and often to the same woman in different ways in the different phases of what may even be called a worthwhile life.

Perhaps, if he's a little boy no longer, the future pope's (or president's) mother is presently bagging groceries, typing a thesis (her own or someone else's), teaching Attic Greek, or wiping noses in a day-nursery. It is altogether possible that he will remember his mother as a good and loving person whether she used to sit by the fire at night knitting afghan squares, or red-pencilling freshman themes, or just resting her feet after a hard day at the Consolidated Folding Paper Box Works.

Lord of the Temple

Wind-raw and stubble-patch:
unlikely road to revelation
on a winter Sunday morning.

And then,
I came upon a field of wheat
green as fresh-cut grass!

Who broke the letter of the law
and brought this miracle of spring to pass
in stark December?

and I remembered
a Man
whose hungry disciples plucked ears of grain
on the Sabbath.

SISTER M. SIMPLICIA, I.H.M.

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THE STAGE

Shakespeare Company

TWO CONTEXTS in which the visit to New York of the Royal Shakespeare Company should be viewed are, first, as a specimen of repertory moved by ideas, and, second, as an instance of classic plays cast in uniquely modern mold. The first carries with it echos of our own repertory woes. Almost imperceptibly, several potentially powerful men of American theater have been easing their way into repertory. Or perhaps, in the cases of The Actors Studio Theatre and the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center, it should be said that Strasberg and Kazan have emerged at last from their Group Theatre past, only to demonstrate that it is sometimes better to be never than late. Rarely looking up to an idea, our new theaters have been showing —with spasmodic dips into acting quality—that they have nowhere to go but down.

What redress is available comes, not without irony, from a theater abroad founded somewhat artificially on Shakespeare's name and known for long as a house designed for elegant, overstuffed, star-mad, bardolatrous productions vying with one another for emblems of hollow cleverness. Never actively bad, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, as it was then called, always had a sturdy way of making productions handsome, glamorous,, occasionally perceptive by dint of actors' flair, but rarely related either to the pressures of the contemporary world or to the frequently harsh realities of Shakespeare's richly human and philosophical Tudor universe. In the fifties, the members of the company changed almost as often as the changes in costume and period style.

All this was changed when Peter Hall assumed direction of the theater under its new name. Actors were signed to three-year contracts; new plays and classics from different sources were performed in two London theaters while Shakespeare was seen freshly against the contradictions of modern times. Suddenly, theater was no longer an outlet for mindless frivolity. Hall, later in company with Peter Brook and Michel St. Denis, saw Shakespeare as the central aesthetic and metaphysical force linking ritualistic past with dark explorative present, crossing all boundaries, mixing kings and clowns, supple bursts of rhetoric with mercurial descents into slang; in general, setting a standard for image and metaphor that is once again—in the differing hands of Beckett, Genet, Ionesco, Arden and Pinter—returning to theatrical event.

The Peter Brook-Paul Scofield *King Lear* came to us as a chapter in revelation, the strongest argument seen in years for the available majesty of theater art. "The theme," says Jan Kott in his forthcoming book *Shakespeare Our Contemporary*, "is the decay and fall of the world." And it is this overreaching theme that Peter Brook, through his direction and stage design, has so starkly realized in his pure, serenely bitter reincarnation of a play whose clashing strands have so often eluded theatrical coherence.

One point is clear and cruel: even though evil shadows good, there are no simple heroes or villains. Men are testing each other's powers simply to endure. At constant issue is ripeness, the readiness for death. Nature, seen here in all its blasted detachment, never comforts. At best, it drops without rational explanation into sight like the copper thunder discs on the heath, solid yet transitory, passing through time and disappearing as Lear's Fool does, things and beings no longer needed.

Into this cool desolation the actors move like petrified figures in a stately, measured dream. Taking their places in the mystery of things with precision and authority, they fit commandingly, yet submissively, into the directorial scheme. As there are no easy moral divisions, so are there no stars. Within the ensemble structure, however, Scofield, Irene Worth as Goneril, Alec McCowen as the Fool, and Ian Richardson as Edmund, play their roles with a weight and a sculptural awareness that are more highly developed in them than in most of the other company members.

Scofield, in particular, carves an abstracted, unaccommodated man before our eyes. There is nothing of the neurotic geriatric case about him: all granite hardness, he points his stony arm like a searchlight to the heavens while his eyes wander almost willfully into madness. Peter Brook has stressed what he calls Shakespeare's "remarkable invention, this curious structure of free verse and prose which a few hundred years ago was already the cubism of the theater." And Scofield, making of this structure an almost tangible presence, speaks in lucid blocks of sound that hammer their way into consciousness, as if such grim noises were the only way of making an impression on the deaf universe. It is a performance, like the staging, that is always aware of the telling image, growing finally into the most quietly theatrical image of them all: white on white, an old, huddled figure, seemingly masked by whiteness, enduring his going hence with the simple, fragile nobility that is barely left to man.

FROM THE sublime to the apparently ridiculous: Clifford Williams has directed a performance of *The Comedy of Errors* that begins in a black *commedia* pantomime, and takes on color and light as it moves into the "sure uncertainty" of the play. The treatment here of mistaken identity, described by one scholar (Harold Brooks) as awakening in the audience "the ancient dread of losing the self or soul," is carefully anchored during the first act so that when we are

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caught in the whirlwind events of the second half, we are prepared to remember that dizzying experience, no matter how crack-brained and funny, often masks a world of helpless loss. This comedy of frustration has never shaded its sparkish wit with so much tender concern.

GORDON ROGOFF

THE SCREEN

Brando Laughs

WHEN Greta Garbo turned up in her first talking picture back in 1930, the publicity slogan built up around "Anna Christie" was "Garbo Speaks!" Now that Marlon Brando has arrived in his first straight comedy film, I haven't the slightest idea if Universal intends to use "Brando Laughs!" as the come-on for "Bedtime Story." Brando's smiles and laughter may be news, but they are by no means casual in the picture; and there are times when the dramatic star doesn't seem completely at home in the fun department. Scriptwriters Stanley Shapiro and Paul Henning have not given Brando anything as world-startling as Garbo's opening line, "A viskey for me, kid—and don't be stingy," but they have given him a lot of jive patter that he puts over well. Perhaps the greatest stumbling block for Marlon Brando in "Bedtime Story" is that his co-star and the plot's partner-in-crime with whom he is continually being contrasted is David Niven who wears natty clothes and is a suave master of bright dialogue.

Actually the two men work well together and each is a foil for the other in their scheme to fleece wealthy women while making love to them. Smooth David poses as a prince charming; while hardy Marlon, a GI in Germany at first, is a more obvious wolf who uses and re-uses the story of his poor, sick grandmother who needs an operation. The two boys combine forces on the Riviera where David continues the prince racket, and whenever an heiress becomes too marriage-minded she is soon scared off by Marlon as the idiot brother. None of this is to be taken seriously; the picture, which starts as a once-upon-a-time story, is more glib than sexy; and director Ralph Levy even manages to make some of its clichés seem funny. Most wacky are the scenes in which Brando and Niven compete to win Shirley Jones, an American soap queen. Producer Stanley Shapiro gave "Bedtime Story" an extraordinarily handsome color production, perhaps even more lush than it deserves; but no doubt he wanted to win female audiences along with the male, and he allows Dody Goodman, Marie Windsor, and others of the

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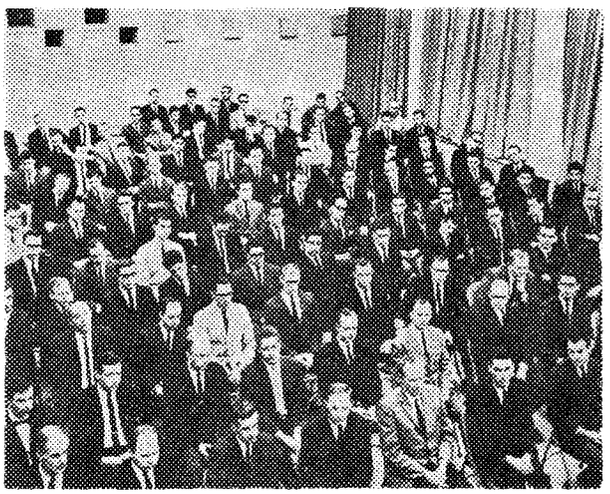

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boys' prey to wear stunning clothes. Women may take a dim view of all these women becoming such easy bait for the two schemers, but even they will have to laugh at some of the clowning—especially that wonderful shot of Brando buried up to his neck on the sandy beach while a sea gull perches on his head.

ALSO ABOUT two bachelors with an eye for women is "Honeymoon Hotel," but it is amazing what an inept comedy Producer Pandro S. Berman and director Henry Levin have made with two new hopeful stars: Robert Goulet and Robert Morse. Its plot is like the inane stories around which musical comedies used to be built. But this is not a musical comedy, although Goulet's and Morse's last appearances on the stage were each in musicals. In this fiasco Morse is jilted at the altar, so Goulet, his best man, goes with him on the planned honeymoon on a Caribbean island. Since their hotel has no single rooms, because it's only for honeymooners, the boys have to share a suite—and this leads to a variety of *doubles entendres* and complications, which are compounded when both boys fall for the hotel's social director (Nancy Kwan). The confusion is tripled when Goulet's boss (Keenan Wynn) arrives with a girl friend (Jill St. John) and Morse's fiancée (Anne Helm) arrives and hopes to win back Morse who by this time is entangled with Nancy and Jill. Morse, who has shown before that he is a very good but limited actor, overacts. Goulet, who is a singer, neither sings nor acts but looks like a matinee idol. Funniest in the whole cast is Elsa Lanchester as an astonished chambermaid. No one really has a chance in this vulgar mélange.

PERHAPS the most surprising thing about "Robin and the Seven Hoods" is that this musical comedy has Frank Sinatra and his pack in it but does not have a lot of "in" jokes that necessitate your knowing every latest prank of the pack. On the whole it's a rather amusing satire on the gang wars of Chicago during the prohibition era. Perhaps there's nothing new in this idea, but the good cast helped by David R. Schwartz's script bring a few fresh touches to the old tales of hoods, molls, bathtub gin, and gangland killings. And the Robin Hood parallel has much to be said in its favor—at least for those who would agree that "Robin was an Englishman who wore long green underwear and had an operation going in the forest."

Most of the cast have near-familiar names: Sinatra as Robbo, Dean Martin as Little John, Sammy Davis, Jr., as Will, Barbara Rush as Marian, and Bing Crosby, when he joins the gang, as Allen A. Dale. Even Peter Falk, of the opposing gang, is known as Guy Gisborne. Whenever the plot and the Robin theme wear a bit thin, the cast break out with song-and-dance numbers, best of which is a Davis solo and a Sinatra-Crosby-Martin trio. What with the scarcity of musical comedies in film these days, this one could will turn out to be a hit—at least in Chicago, if not in Sherwood Forest.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

The Particular: When Facts Become Signs

Epoch and Artist. By David Jones. Chilmark Press. $5.95.

by James Finn

AS IS every substantial artist, David Jones is a man obsessed. His obsession is as easy to discern in these collected essays as in his long poem *The Anathemata* and in his earlier work *In Parenthesis.*

In his preface to these essays Jones remarks that they should not be regarded as a "made work." They were written on different subjects over a long span of years for various didactic purposes. Since "what one says and the way one says it varies all the while and one does not know what may condition one's future opinions . . . contradictions must be accepted."

This much is true and there is no reason to be more intent than is the author in ascribing unity to a group of essays that range in time from 1937 to 1958 and from various studies of things Welsh to various reflections on art and artists. Yet if unity is too strong a word, it can fairly be said that each of these essays, however slight, reveals unmistakably its parentage. Jones may have changed opinions over the years and his thinking have become more refined, but his obsession remained constant and it stamps his comments with its own recognizable authority.

Having stated this so flatly, I am somewhat embarrassed at the difficulty of saying, simply, what that obsession is. It may be well to come at it obliquely. In his preface to this book Jones quotes an author who wrote at the beginning of this century:

"It is the peculiar strength of the modern time that it has reached a clear perception of the finite world as finite; that in science it is positive—i.e. that it takes particular facts for no more than they are; and that in practice it is unembarrassed by superstition—i.e. by the tendency to treat particular things and persons as mysteriously sacred."

It is against this argument, and against all that supports this argument in modern life, that Jones pits his convictions, his work, his very self. Particular things and persons *are* sacred, mysteriously or no; particular facts are often not only facts but signs, and therefore signify something beyond themselves. This has been

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true since man was truly man, and it will continue to be true as long as he is. Jones celebrates passionately, therefore, the particularity of things, the haecceity or thisness of things. Only by appreciating *what* a thing truly is, he asserts, can we truly appreciate it. And only then can a thing, regarded as a sign, be truly congruent with what it signifies.

It is this belief—held not simply as an intellectual conviction but with intense and unswerving passion—that is the basis of Jones' obsession. It is this belief put into practice that gives to *The Anathemata* and *In Parenthesis* that rough differentiated texture, that weight and density, that angled and edged particularity, that unfamiliar but compelling rhythm—that gives, in short, all those qualities which most distinguish these fine works.

It is this belief, and its central intuition, which threads through all these essays and which finds recurrent, varied expression, whether the topic is George Barrow and Wales or the Arthurian legend, Eric Gill or Joyce's Dublin, democracy or religion. These essays have therefore a cumulative effect which could not have been anticipated and of which I was not fully aware until I looked again through the essays I had read at intervals.

Jones does not claim for himself great intellectual originality in discovering the beliefs to which he gives such intense allegiance. It is part of his argument, in fact, that he is conserving what should be our common patrimony, that he is expressing what was once commonly acknowledged, that he is defending what is under strong attack. This part of his argument is not only persuasive, it is moving. But when he attempts to define the nature and direction of that strong attack his view and mine diverge along two rather well-defined paths.

The baleful forces which allegedly threaten to uproot ancient sites, to disregard ancient forms and rites, to rob things of their sacramentalism and men of their sign-making function, these forces issue from what Jones, in a heavy but fair phrase, describes as "megalopolitan technocracy." It is the ugly face of progress to which Jones would direct our attention, and as he describes it, it is a face to chill the blood and freeze the action of all but the most sturdy or insensitive. The evidence he can muster is, if somewhat familiar, well-marshalled and assayed from a high vantage point.

In a debased form we have previously encountered it in some of Waugh's fulminations against the way the world turns and in a thoughtful and developed manner in T. S. Eliot's statements on culture and the Christian society. (It is not wholly accidental that *Epoch and Artist* nicely balances *Tradition and the Individual Talent.*) Jones' approach is warmer and more appealing than either of these writers and more compelling than that of modern "conservatives" who would share many of his conclusions without commitment to his high principles.

Insofar as they point out accurately some of the dangers of "megalopolitan technocracy," Jones' admonitions are useful. Barring unforeseen disaster or unforseen success in limiting the now rapid growth of population most of the world will soon be living in cities.

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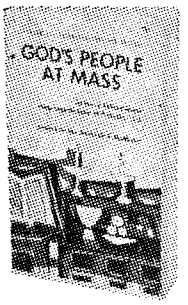

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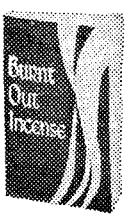

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(At present rates of growth, for example, Asia in the year 2000 would have a population equal to the present world population. In one hundred years the population of the U.S. would be one billion.) The only way to see that such concentrations of people lead lives that are truly human is to see that people control the forces of technology rather than be controlled by them. One can regret, with David Jones, the almost inevitable loss that will be part of these vast changes taking place in human society. But our regret must give way to the determination to give human shape to future societies with all the intelligence and imagination at our disposal.

I intend none of my own reservations to detract from these essays. This is a full and rewarding book, not easy of entry but, once entered, opening on a wide range of thought and experience. It is a book full of substance and flavor, written by a man of obvious integrity and great charm.

Scourge of the Establishment

One Fat Englishman. By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace and World. $3.95.

By James P. Degnan

TEN YEARS or so ago, Kingsley Amis established himself as the scourge of the Establishment. In the comically outraged, irreverent voice of his angry young heroes—Jim Dixon of *Lucky Jim* and John Lewis of *That Uncertain Feeling*, for example—Amis lampooned the Establishment by raising questions like: Aren't you sick of the Sitwells? Aren't you sick of the Henry James, the Virginia Woolf, the Lawrence Durrell, the Soren Kierkegaard people? Of the T. S. Eliot, the Evelyn Waugh, the Graham Greene and the Southern Agrarian people? Of the "danger of the intellect, wisdom of the blood" people? Of the "let's return to the Middle Ages" people? Of people who invariably prefer the European product to the American? Of people who invite you to parties where you are forced to listen to madrigals and counter tenors? Of the recorder-playing people, the glazed-pottery people, the return-to-the-soil people, the beard-and-beret people?

"Thank God for the twentieth century," cried the Amis hero in a tone of comic indignation. "Thank God for cocktail parties, and facts, and television, and newspapers; for jazz, and martinis, and good-looking fashionable girls; for bars, and golf, and the working man's opportunity to thoroughly misuse his leisure. Thank God for marriage, for people who dress and behave decently, for healthy, happy conformity. Thank God for democracy, and common sense, and Wells, and Shaw, and Orwell, and popularizations of knowledge."

What Amis was lampooning in those early and best works of his was, of course, the anti-modern, anti-scientific, anti-middle-class sensibility that dominated both in England and in America, what C. P. Snow has called "the traditional culture," the culture of the "literary intellectuals." And whether one liked what Amis was doing or not, one never had any doubts about what he was doing.

Unfortunately, what Amis is doing, what he is satirizing, in his latest novel, *One Fat Englishman*, is not so clear. Though the book is not an academic satire, most of the book's action takes place in or near the campus of Budweiser College. (Budweiser is undoubtedly modeled on Princeton where Amis recently spent a year as guest lecturer.) Roger Micheldene, the fat Englishman of the title, is a visiting English publisher who spends most of his time trying to get into bed with Helen Bang, wife of a visiting Danish philology professor.

Besides being lecherous and fat, Roger is also irascible for no good reason; rude; anti-Semitic; a breaker of children's toys; a cigar, wine and snuff snob; and a wearer of black and orange silk pajamas. He is, in short, a ridiculous individual. But what does he typify? What is Amis satirizing through him? Is Roger, as the book's blurb says he is, "the prototypical insufferable Englishman?" One finds this hard to believe. Roger is simply

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too outrageous, too unmotivated; he typifies nothing, but rather comes off as a thoroughly disagreeable, irresponsible, silly individual.

And most of the book's other characters are as satirically pointless as Roger. Characters in Amis' earlier works—the bearded, phony artist, Bertrand; the neurotic, Margaret; and the eccentric, Welch, of *Lucky Jim;* the "grub-eyed" poetry-writing office worker, Probert, of *That Uncertain Feeling;* and the anti-American, "abroad loving," lesbian, Anna le Page, of *Take a Girl Like You*—all of these characters typified the reactionary, obscurantist, anti-social, Establishment attitudes that Amis was satirizing. But the characters of *One Fat Englishman*—the peculiar priest, Father Colgate; the nymphomaniacal publisher's wife, Mollie; the obnoxious undergraduate novelist, Macher; the drunken, car-wrecking Derlanger —these characters typify nothing. They are freaks, and as such, they are vehicles for farce rather than for satire.

As farce, *One Fat Englishman* often works quite well. Roger's colossal nastiness, his gluttony and lust, his epic hangovers (after a snuff hangover Roger's nose feels as if "two wasp-sized hedgehogs had crawled up either nostril and decided to stay"), his encounters with drunks who wreck hot-water tanks, with men whose faces look as if "they had been basted in hot gravy for an hour," with cab drivers and bartenders who hate him on sight, with Slim Gaillard-type musicians who baffle him with talk about "Vouty" and "O'Rooney," with terrible children, with tortoises, with antique dealers who turn out to be nymphomaniacs—all of this is worthy of Perleman and the Marx Brothers, but the dedicated fan can't help lamenting that it is rather a waste of Amis' talents.

REVIEWERS

James Finn, formerly an associate editor of The Commonweal, is the editor of *Worldview,* the monthly publication of the Council on Religion and International Affairs.

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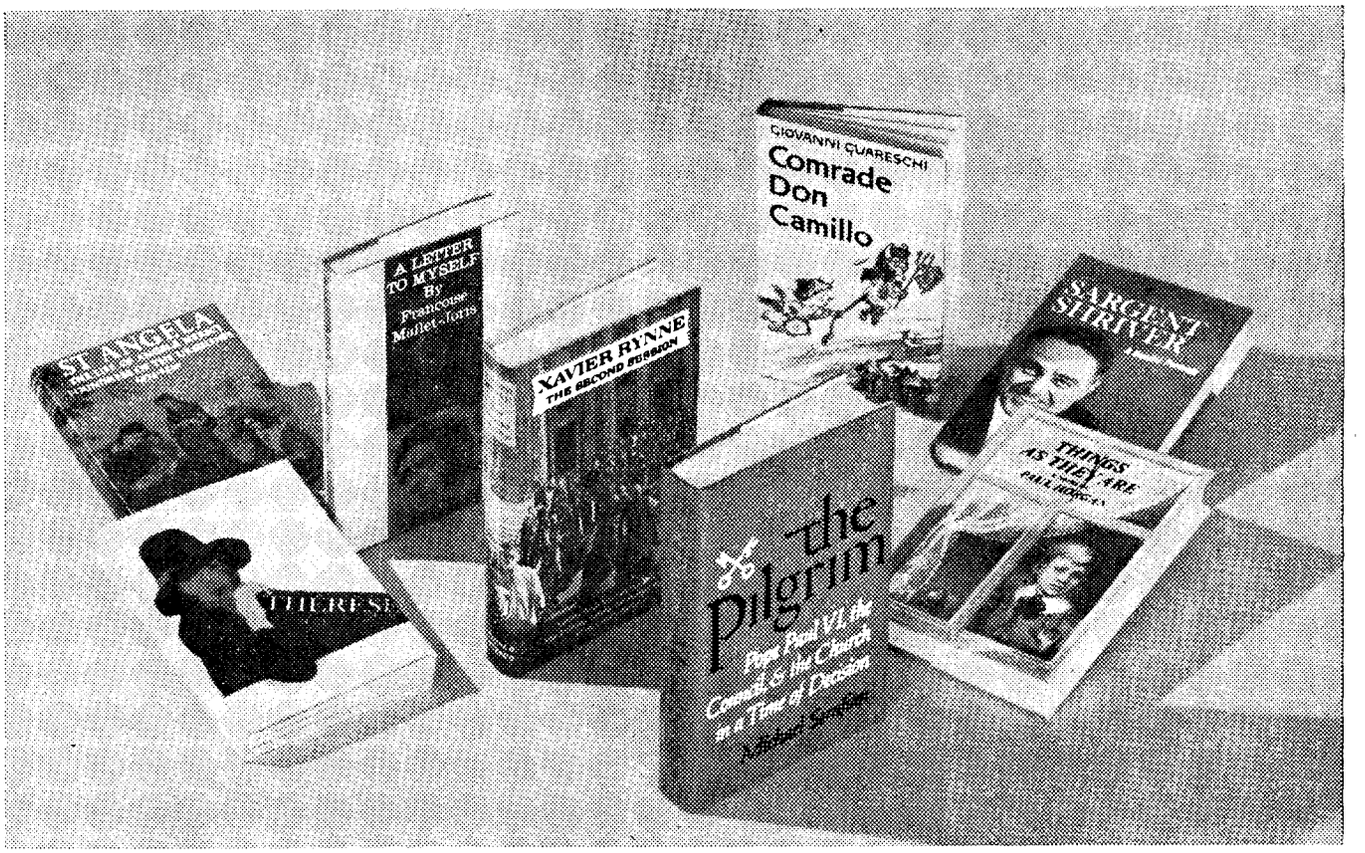

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